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GORDON ROSS

THE CLOUD BALLET.



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## Cartoons and Comments

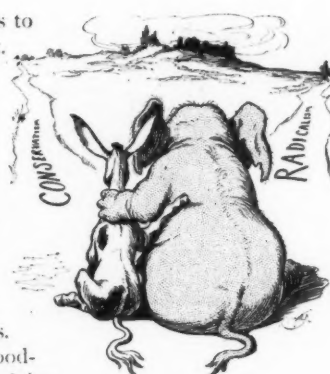
### CONCERNING THE DOUBLE CARTOON:

IT is unfortunate from some points of view that in these days of big Governmental lawsuits, dissolution proceedings and the like, that no one has a legal right to sue the Republican administration. The great crime at present is "restraint of trade;" and if restraint of trade is a crime in the eyes of the law, successive administrations of Republicanism are not innocent. The Republican Party should be a co-defendant in nearly all of the big anti-trust suits now being brought by the United States Government. Monopolies are made by the elimination of competitors; and by maintaining exorbitant tariff duties on all sorts of commodities, the Republican Party practically invited men in all sorts of lines to combine "in restraint of trade." Trade was restrained by the Republican Party itself when it denied to the consumer the privilege of buying in the open market. Lawyers may talk *pro* and *con* for hours over points in the Sherman Law, and whether this or that section has been violated; but the fact will remain that the greatest single factor in the formation of monopolies in this country—namely, excessive protection—the combinations under fire have had a perfectly legal right to, because the Republican Party gave it to them. In enforcing the Sherman Law, the Republican Party might almost be said to be turning state's evidence against itself.

NOWADAYS, when great newspaper control is largely corporate rather than individual, when it is not always easy to determine whose mouthpiece a newspaper is, a man like JOSEPH PULITZER could ill be spared from journalism. His ownership of his newspaper, *The World*, was personal. His control of it was personal, and his purpose in being in the newspaper business was to get out a newspaper, not to further political ambition or business projects unidentified with the publication. That gave to his editorial policy a convincing note of sincerity; a "good will" which was and is his paper's chief asset.

WE REGRET that Colonel ROOSEVELT is determined not to do any talking these days, for other-

wise he might talk most entertainingly as to whether he was "hoodwinked" or not. The Department of Justice says he was. The Steel Trust says he was n't. The alleged hoodwinking took place in 1907 when Roosevelt as President approved the Steel Trust's Tennessee Coal and Iron deal. Quite recently, if we remember correctly, the Colonel stood positively by every step he took at that troublous time, and rather emphatically gave the country to understand that there could be no just criticism of his acts. Now, if it should turn out that he *was* hoodwinked, as the Department of Justice claims that he was, it will be a grave reflection upon the



WHICH ROAD?

Colonel's infallibility. While, if he was *not* hoodwinked, as the Steel Trust maintains, some unkind people will rudely claim that he helped the Steel Trust to violate the law of the land. Hoodwinked and innocent; not hoodwinked and culpable; which is it? Looking at it in still another light, perhaps Wall Street owes ex-President ROOSEVELT an apology. Criticised though he was for being a radical, and for swinging the big stick, perhaps he was really less of a radical, and less of a club-swinger, than his distinguished successor.

IN reply to the question, "What is the matter with the United States?" a number of reputable business men have exclaimed, "Too much politics." Particularly do they criticise the men who are sent to Washington to make laws. They are incompetents, so their critics say; small men who have no mental grasp of big undertakings; the laws which they put upon the statute-books must inevitably bungle business. If this be true, what shall be said of "the business judgment" of the men who raised \$100,000 to send LORIMER to Washington?



YOU CAN SEE HIM DOING IT, CAN'T YOU?



# PUCK

## 'FRISCO BAY.

(USUAL APOLOGIES TO R. K.)

**B**y the old Seal Rocks at 'Frisco, lookin' eastward from the sea,  
There's a Suffragette a-waitin', and I know she thinks o' me;  
For I've just received a letter, a perfumed and dainty note:  
"Come you back to California; come you where the  
women vote!"  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay  
Femininity holds sway;  
Can't you hear 'em scratch their ballots from  
Long Beach to San José?  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay,  
Where the grafter used to play,  
Ev'ry woman is a voter, and the men are common clay!

Her hair was like the sunrise, and her cheeks were peachy cream,  
And her name was Susie Dawson—take it straight, she was a dream.  
And first I seen her talkin' to a crowd o' Suffragettes,  
Spielin' 'bout the sins o' men-folks and the deal that women gets.  
Called us men a bunch o' dubs,  
And a lot o' selfish scrubs—  
Women's only hope o' justice lay in equal-suffrage clubs!  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay—

But I got an introduction, and she told me I could call;  
And when I dropped 'round next evenin' Susie met me in the hall,  
Dragged me off to a committee that was makin' over laws—  
Introduced me to the ladies as a convert to the "cause."  
It was time for me to flit,  
So I ducked and hit the grit,  
And as I toddled eastward I exclaimed both "Stung!" and "Bit!"  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay—

So I'm stickin' east o' Kansas, and I'm tryin' to forget  
The girl I met in 'Frisco, Susie Dawson, Suffragette.  
But forgetfulness comes slowly; I'm afraid she's got my goat,  
And she's callin' me to 'Frisco—'Frisco, where the women vote.  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay  
Femininity holds sway;  
Can't you hear 'em scratch their ballots from Long Beach  
to San José?  
On the shores of 'Frisco Bay,  
Where the grafter used to play,  
Ev'ry woman is a voter, and the men are common clay!

Ernest Douglas.



## THIS IS SO SUDDEN!

BLEECKER.—Daisy Headliner has promised to give me my answer to-night. She —

BAXTER (showing evening paper). — The press-agent and the reporters have got ahead of you, old top; it's "Yes!"

## NUISANCE.

"OUR schools," protested the great man, "are not practical in the education they give to youth." The company signified, in various ways, the assent which as a matter of course was always forthcoming.

"Not practical!" repeated he whose merest nod was enough to cause the bourses of the world to tremble. "Why, for instance, don't they pay more attention to the training of the memory? Is there to be no end of the nuisance of a man-of-affairs having always to take the advice of counsel before he knows what to remember?"

## SMUG.

BAGGS.—What is the meaning of the word "smug"?

WAGGS.—It means a man who is fat and glad of it.



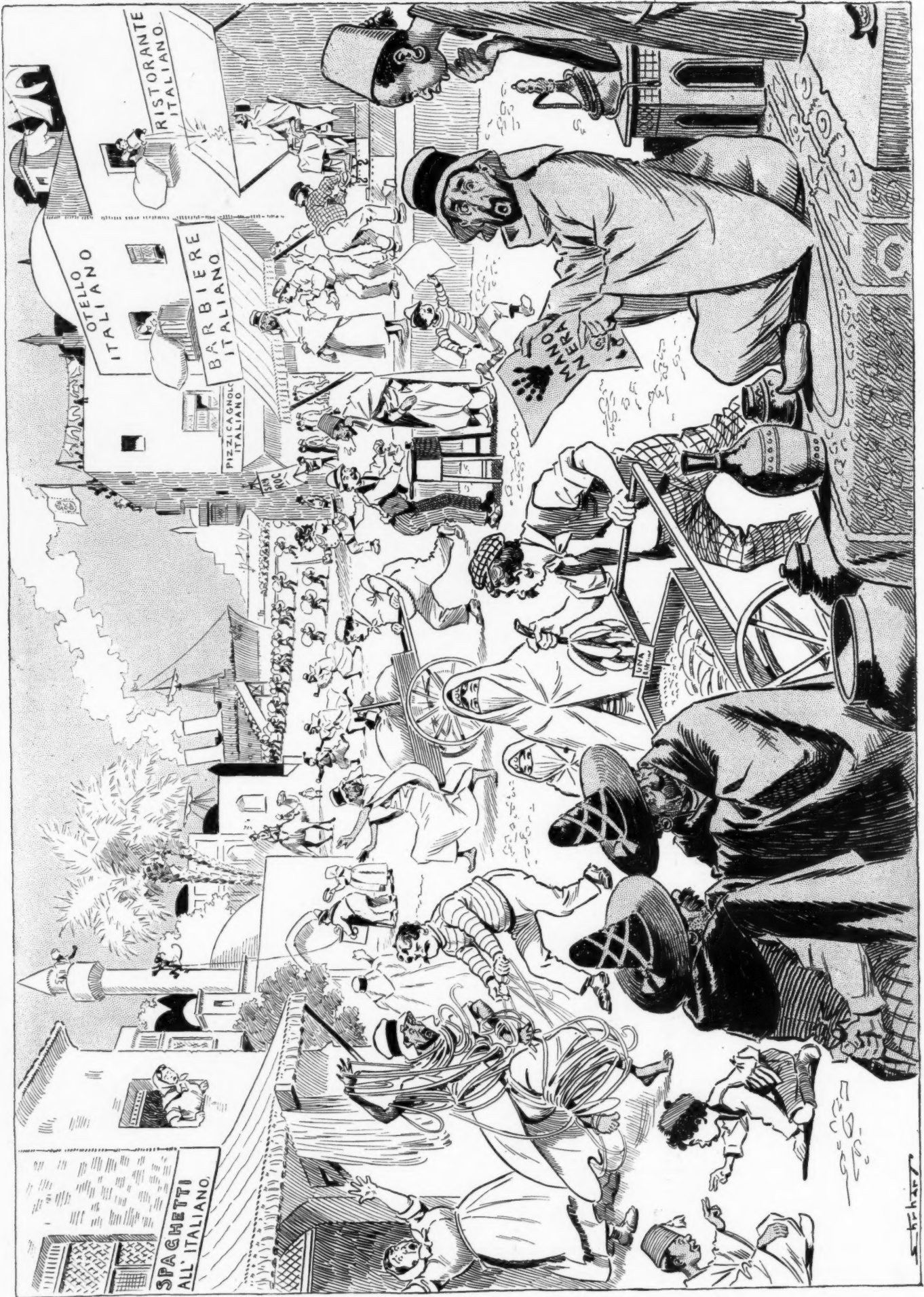
HE LIKES TO GO DAY-DAY IN THE CARS.



## PRETTY DICK!

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD SPORT.—Seems to me I can see much better than ordinary to-day. That gun-sight is unusually clear.

**I**f a man were as cheap as almost any woman can make him feel, no woman could resist him merely as a bargain.



THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF TRIPOLI.





SITTING FOR HER PORTRAIT.

# THE MAN OF DATES.

**H**ELLO, Smythe! This you? Off to your daily grind, I reckon. Same here."

"This is what Smith said when he met Smythe on the car going downtown, and a moment later he added:

"Pretty raw for this time of the year. A year ago to-day it was four-and-a-half degrees warmer than it is to-day. I got a record of the temperature for every day of the past five years. It was sunny six-and-a-half hours a year ago to-day. Got on your overcoat, I see."

"Yes, I have."

"Well, I did n't put mine on last year until the tenth day of October, and I did n't wear it but five days that month, and three of them were the last three days of the month. I took it off for good and all the twentieth of April with the single exception of the fifth of May, when we had an exceptionally cold day for that time of the year. Had a heavy cold, and my wife would have me wear my overcoat. First heavy cold I had had since the tenth of the previous January. I rather like to keep a little record of events. Seen Simson lately?"

"No, not for some time. You seen him?"

"Not since the sixth of last month. Met him and his wife. Had n't seen him before that since the twenty-ninth of January, when we went to the Jolly Fellows' Club banquet together.

Going to the Happy-go-Lucky Club banquet to-morrow night?"

"I may."

"Wonder what they are having it so early for this year? Did n't have it last year until the third of November—a month and three days earlier than they had it last year, and the annual meeting of the club is two weeks and three days

## RISE IN VALUE.

**T**HE frame of the bonnet  
Is worth fifty cents;  
The trimming upon it,  
Say fifty—but wait!  
Establish connection—  
Ay, there's the expense—  
That makes a confection,  
Price, twelve-ninety-eight!

Walter G. Doty.

earlier than it was last year. I usually go out of town for a week about that time. Went last year on the second of the month. You get in the way of doing a thing at a certain time, and you rather like to keep it up. I've changed from light to heavy underwear on the fifteenth of October every year for at least twenty years. Then I've changed back from heavy to light on

the fifteenth of May for the same number of years. I don't think I have failed to put on my straw hat the twentieth of June nor worn it later than the fifth of September for twenty-five years. I saw Billy Swimm yesterday. Had n't seen him since he was married."

"That must have been three years ago."

"Three years the eleventh of next month. Got a little record of it in my book. He went out West to live on the twentieth of the same month. Looks a bit old for a man of his years. He won't be forty until the nineteenth of next May, and he looks forty-five. His sister Belle and my wife are within five days of the same age. She's three years and six months and five days older than Billy, but she was married sixteen years before he was. I was twenty-five years and three months and six days old when I was married, and— You get off here? I always wait until I get to the next corner. Have n't missed getting off there on regular working days for six years, and— Good-by."

Morris Wade.



**F**ortune's ladder has no top; no man ever stopped climbing for lack of another rung.



J. NORMAN LYND.

AFTER THE ROBBERY.

WOMAN (to detective).—Why, it was this way: There came a ring at the door, and there stood two men who said they were from th' gas company, inspecting meters. They looked so dishonest, I thought they were, so I let 'em in!

THAT'S ALL.

THE poor man wants more food and clothes,  
And drink, and yachts, and motor-cars,  
The Earth, Moon, Jupiter, and Mars—  
What he don't want Lord only knows.  
The millionaire, with hopeless groan,  
Wants only to be let alone.

THE DOCTOR'S WAYS.

I LIKE the things the sawbones tell me, when handing out the dope they sell me! If I am poor and on a job where some big foreman of the mob stands over me and makes me work far harder'n any lazy Turk; and if I need the job in order to steer me from starvation's border, the pill-gink asks me what's my biz. And when I tell him what it is, he writes a bit upon the label, forks out the stuff across the table, saying: "Take this four times a day, and never miss. O, by the way, add water if it seems too sweet. But, especially, keep off your feet!"

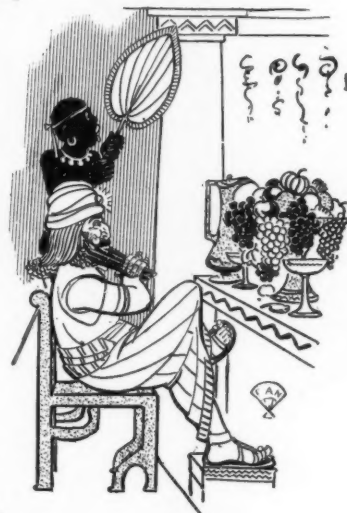


Or if I keep a set of books and take some sixty separate looks per moment at the pallid page; and if I'm creeping near the age where optics go to wabbling round and we suspect they are unsound; and if I hie me to a doc. to cheese the aching in my block, he has me pipe some funny letters set à la ringworm (some say "tetter"). He takes the cranial harness off and purrs: "Twelve bones you'll have to cough for specs and this stuff in the bottle. Whene'er your outlook starts to mottle, squirt in some stuff and, when it dries, squirt more. And do not use your eyes!" Once when I was an athlete cuss and mixed in many a college muss, I felt a trifle off my nanny and went to see a whiskered granny who pillrolled in that highbrow town. He stood me up, he laid me down, he thumped my craw and stethoscoped me. Then, ere he cried "Two bones," and doped me, he said: "My son, perchance you

can prolong your life, but O, young man, I never knew a lad much worse who lingered long outside a hearse. Eat nothing for a month but food. Drink liquids only. Don't go nude. But, if you'd mount health's highest rungs, you must quit breathing through your lungs!"

Thus with them all. Each doctor tells you, when mixing up the goo he sells you, that if the stuff's to help your case you must stop talking through your face; quit smelling things with your proboscis; quit whistling by the puckering process; do all your walking on your hands, and follow other daft commands. No matter what, so it is something you hate to do; or, worse, some dumb thing a fellow cannot do at all. And when he makes a later call to find you better, which you're not, he'll frown at you and yell: "Great Scott! What benefit could you expect when my instructions you neglect!"

Strickland Gillilan.



IN OLDEN DAYS.

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.  
"It's only another reassuring statement from the Government," he cried.

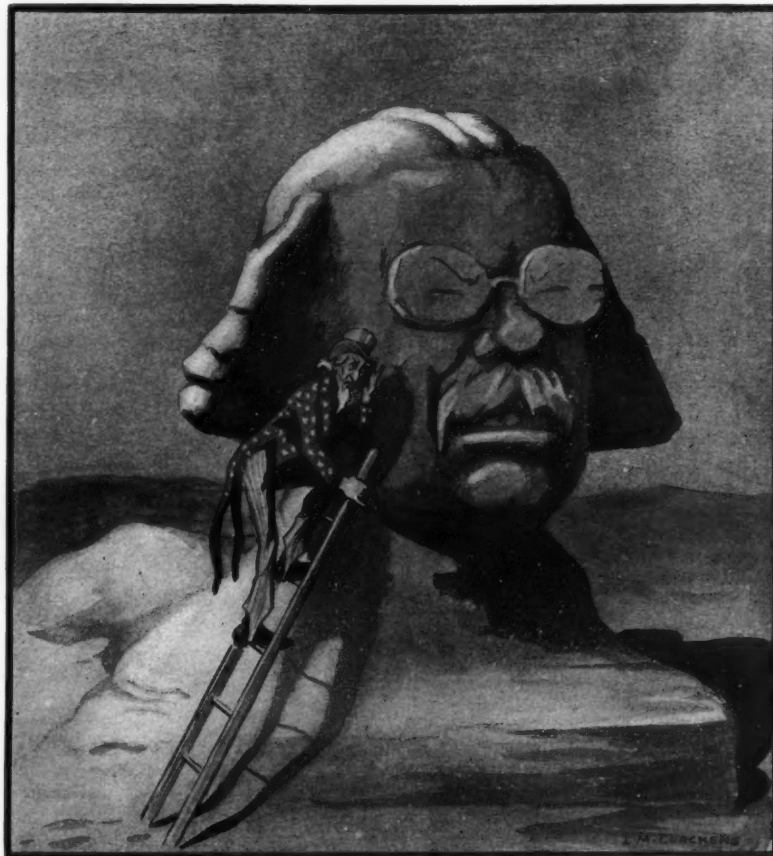
JUDGMENT.

VISITOR.—So you've had three dogs, eleven cows, and two horses killed by autos so far this year. Why don't you put in a complaint?

FARMER.—Never! I'm willing to take my medicine. I was one of the yaps that kept hollering for good roads.

THE SUBURBAN IDEA.

HOKUS.—Flubdub has moved out to Swamphurst so he can save enough money to go abroad for his health.  
POKUS.—Why, he has n't anything the matter with him, has he?  
HOKUS.—No. But he expects to have after he has lived out in Swamphurst for a while.



THE SPHINX.

"From now on I wish to avoid making any speech that I possibly can avoid."—Theodore Roosevelt.

**M**inding your own business is a good occupation, with no shut-down on account of over-production.



## AROUND THE RIALTO.



SOME OF "THE NEVER HOMES" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.



### THE OBSTACLE.

**AID** the Graftor: "I'd be honest  
If I knew just how to be;  
Bribes refusing, I'd be using  
Every minute properly.  
If I could, a true and goodly  
Game of politics I'd play;  
That is how I'd like to do it—  
But it does n't pay!"

Said the Burglar: "I'd not burgle  
Could I help it—no, not I!  
'T would be pleasure beyond measure  
Just to lay my "jimmy" by.  
Could I choose, no house I'd enter  
In the dark night silence. Say!  
I would work to gain a living—  
But it does n't pay!"

Said the Magnate: "Competition  
Is a fine and splendid thing,  
Could I place it, I'd not chase it,  
To it lovingly I'd cling.  
I'd not throttle little fellows,  
Could I let them prosper—nay!  
Competition 's right and proper—  
But it does n't pay!"

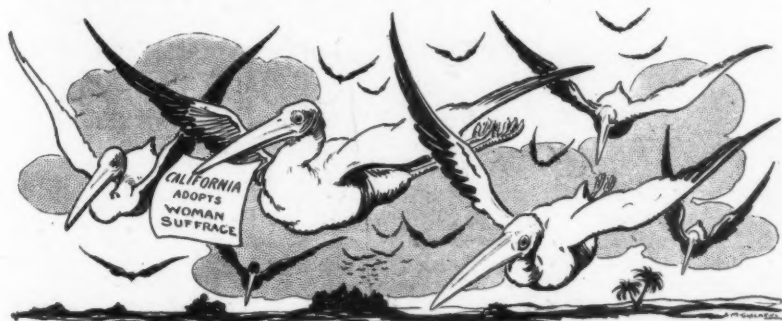
Chas. C. Jones.

### NOWADAYS.

**VISITOR.**—So your Agricultural Show was a great success? Big exhibit of live-stock, I suppose?

**NATIVE.**—Nope. Not a one. You see, we had to use that space to park the automobiles in.

**A** NATION, in the modern democratic sense, comprises a few whose way of thinking determines their politics, and a great many whose politics determines their way of thinking.



BUSINESS IS DEAD.

EXODUS OF STORKS IS REPORTED FROM CALIFORNIA.

### OUTCLASSED.

**"M**y name was Captain Kidd as I sailed, as I sailed; and my name was Captain Kidd as I sailed. O, my name was Captain Kidd, and most wickedly I did, and God's laws I did forbid as I sailed."

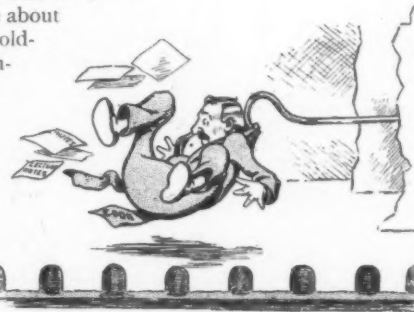
But I never owned a fire-trap factory or tenement block, or an unsafe storage-dam situated on a hill above an unprotected town.

And I never cornered any necessity of life, or took advantage of a benevolent protective system to raise the price of the poor man's food.

Neither did I ever compel my workmen to labor for twelve hours at a stretch at dangerous and exhausting toil, or employ children to do heavy and hazardous tasks.

So I have been thinking it over, and while I still insist I was a pretty successful pirate and, for general all-around wickedness, could not be surpassed in my own day, I am ready to admit that, when it comes to a matter of callousness of human suffering and contempt for human life, I was not half so bad as I fondly imagined. In fact, I have about decided that in the way of cold-blooded, cynical, indifferent brutality I would be regarded at the present time as an almost complete failure.

Walter G. Doty.



### GOOD JOB.

**PAPA.**—But has n't your fiancé got a job?

**DAUGHTER.**—Not yet, but he's going to get one at \$25,000 a year.

**PAPA.**—Indeed! Glad to hear it! What is he doing?

**DAUGHTER.**—Well, he read in the paper of some man who is paid \$50,000 a year by the Bankers' Association not to forge checks, and George is going to offer not to do it for half that.

AMATEUR NIGHT IN COPENHAGEN.

### READY.

**R**EVEREND GUDE.—Is n't there someone here who will help us to keep up interest in the church?

**DEACON TIGHTWAD** (*suddenly awakening*).—I, for one, am prepared to raise the rates to eight per cent. on real-estate loans, and ten per cent. on chattel mortgages, if the other money-lenders in the congregation will co-operate.

### TWO APPROACHES.

**W**ILLIS.—What has become of your son George?

**GILLIS.**—Graduated from grammar-school and went to work.

**WILLIS.**—Where is Percy?

**GILLIS.**—Graduated from college and had to be dragged to work.



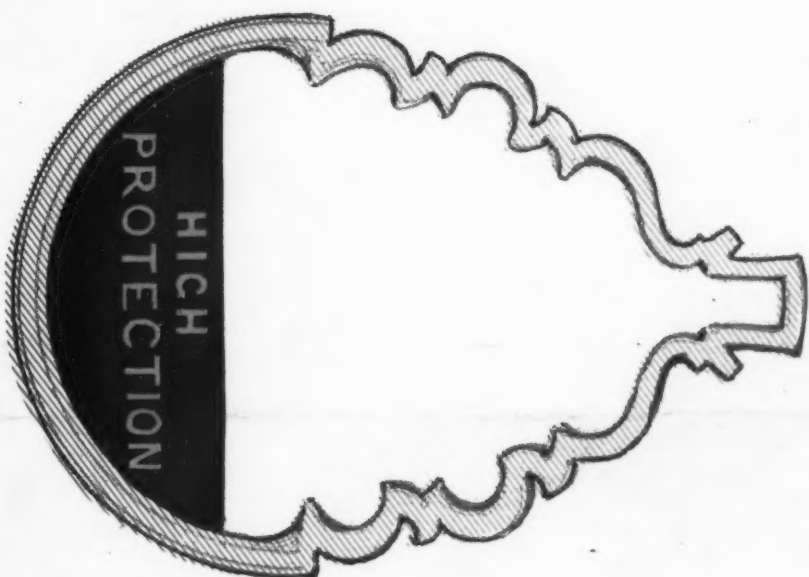
THE PUCK PRESS

"PLAGUE TAKE IT! WHY DOESN'T IT STAY DOWN WHEN I HIT IT?"



PUCK

SECTIONAL VIEW:



THE REASON WHY.



SHE SUPPOSED.

**N**OW, MRS. GABBINGTON," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "will you please tell us in your own way all that you know about this affair?"

"Well, it was like this: I was on my way downtown, and as it was Saturday I supposed that——"

"Please omit what you 'supposed,' and give us only what you really saw and heard."

"Of course, that is what I mean to do, but I supposed that when a witness was on the stand——"

"No matter what you 'supposed.' We are after the facts in the case. You say that it was on Saturday morning and you were on your way downtown. What next?"

"Well, I was going downtown on M Street, although I usually go on L Street, but I knew that that street was all torn up, and I supposed that——"

"Please don't 'suppose' anything more while you are on the stand."

"Well, as I turned from M Street into N Street I saw a big crowd on the corner, and I supposed that——"

"May I ask you again to leave out all of your 'supposing' and——"

"I was just going to say that when I first saw the crowd I supposed that it was a fire, and then I thought to myself that perhaps——"

"No matter what you thought to yourself. Tell us what you saw and heard."

"Well, I mean to do that when I get around to it, but I supposed that——"

"Suppose nothing!"

"I was simply going to say that when I saw the crowd I supposed that it was a fire at first, and then as there were no bells ringing and no engines coming I made up my mind that it was something else, and when I saw an ambulance coming down the road I supposed that someone——"



ELIGIBLE.

THE GIRL.—No! I don't fall in love with every Tom, Dick, and Harry I meet!

THE MAN.—That's right. My name is Jack!



COUNTRY COUSIN blew into town,  
So I gladly took her to see the fair.  
Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were brown:  
There was n't a prettier maiden there.  
"O, cousin Tom, how I hope we'll see  
Some perfectly startling stunt!" said she.

'Twas natural, for up her way  
There is n't a lot to amuse a girl;  
So I told her we'd certainly see that day  
Some sights that would make her small head whirl.  
"I hope so, Tom, for I'd love to see  
Some perfectly startling stunt!" said she.

A man in an auto looped the loop—  
When I saw him start my bold heart sank;  
A man from a tower dived through a hoop  
And landed, splash! in a six-foot tank.  
"My, was n't that fine! But I'd love to see  
Some perfectly startling stunt," said she.

When the runners ran in a maddened pack  
And a "jock" was thrown 'neath the flying heels,  
When the autos circled the half-mile track  
And rounded the curves on just two wheels,  
She squeezed my arm. "How I'd love to see  
Some perfectly startling stunt!" said she.

When the motor-cycles went whizzing by  
As swift as a bullet or a flash of light,  
When the biplane buzzed in the summer sky  
And the crowd went wild at the novel sight,  
She grew excited. "I'd love to see  
Some perfectly startling stunt!" said she.

She told them at home she'd a lovely time,  
That she simply adored the surging crowds;  
With the biplane man she'd have loved to climb  
'Way up and up to the fleecy clouds  
"But I'm awfully sorry we didn't see  
Some perfectly startling stunt," said she.

Walter G. Doty.

"Madam, will you bear in mind that we are not in the least interested in what you 'supposed,' and that——"

"O, I suppose not."

From what I have seen and heard of lawyers and the way they act in court I can well suppose that it is of no consequence to them what a witness says, but I also supposed that a witness was supposed to tell the truth in spite of the intimidation of the lawyers, and if you suppose that——"

"Suppositions of all kinds are out of place on the witness-stand, madam."

"O, I suppose so! No matter whether they have to do with the case or not! I suppose that one is expected to—— what? I may leave the witness-stand? Well, I supposed that I was brought here to give evidence, but from your actions I would suppose that——"

"Suppose that you step down and let the next witness take the stand."

"O, I can do that all right, but I supposed that when the court took the trouble to send an officer to my house to bring me here to testify that I was supposed to do so; but I suppose now that—— if I had for a moment supposed that I was not—— I suppose that you think you are very smart, don't you? I supposed that courts were to administer justice and not to—— if you suppose that I—— it's no wonder that people complain that they can't get justice in our courts!"

AN EARLY FROHMAN.

FIRST MEDIEVAL MANAGER.—How's your latest miracle play?

SECOND DITTO.—Fine. Thought it would be a failure, though, till we hit on something that's got the women coming in droves.

F. M. M.—How so?

SECOND DITTO.—We lost the baby that we used in the Solomon-and-the-Two-Mothers baby scene, and have been using a lap-dog ever since.



IN CALIFORNIA.

MODEST YOUNG MALE.—Goodness! Since that horrid amendment passed, a fellow can't go in the streets any more without being stared at!





*Baltimore's Newest Hotel*  
*Opened*  
*Monday, October Thirtieth, 1911.*

*Its central location is an essential factor in considering The Emerson. Situated in the heart of the city, it is the very nucleus of the financial, mercantile, and municipal sections; while the residential, theatre, and shopping districts are within easy walking distance.*

*Surface cars passing its doors furnish prompt service to all parts of the city; connecting directly with the railway stations and the wharves.*

*The Emerson is worthy of your careful consideration; and you will be cordially welcomed either as a casual visitor or as a guest.*

*W. H. Barse,*  
*Managing Director.*



**SUNNY  
BROOK**  
means  
**PURE Whiskey**  
*Properly used,  
the Best and Most  
Healthful tonic known*

**For Sale Everywhere** Accept no  
Substitute

WHILE Mr. Dodge of St. Louis has often been in Kansas City, St. Joseph, Dubuque, and other widely known Middle Western cities, he had never been turned loose in a city that counts its population up in the millions. Therefore he worried a little about the way he should act in New York. Recently a New York friend received a letter from the St. Louis man, asking for a little information. Among other things he wrote: "Shall I carry my money in a belt or in my shoe?" "It does n't make any difference," replied his friend. "You can't hide money in New York."—*Exchange*.

"JOHN is making quite a lot of money nowadays, I guess."  
"Has he paid you what he owed you?"  
"No, but he has n't tried to borrow any more."—*Toledo Blade*.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

## Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes  
AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London



### MURPHY'S MAIL.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the post-office and yelled out: "Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not," said the postmaster.

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Jerry Murphy?"

"Nothing at all."

"Anything for Lize Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor for Pete Murphy, nor for Paul Murphy, nor John, Jack, nor Jim Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign civilized, savage, or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, natural or otherwise. No! there is positively nothing individually, jointly, severally, now and forever."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please see if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."  
—*National Monthly*.

### AVOIDING HASTY OPINIONS.

DOCTOR.—I don't understand your case at all. We must wait for the post-mortem examination.—*Sourire*.



III.

"Cleopatra, the unfortunate, with the death-dealing asp in her bosom."

## Walk, — You, Walk!

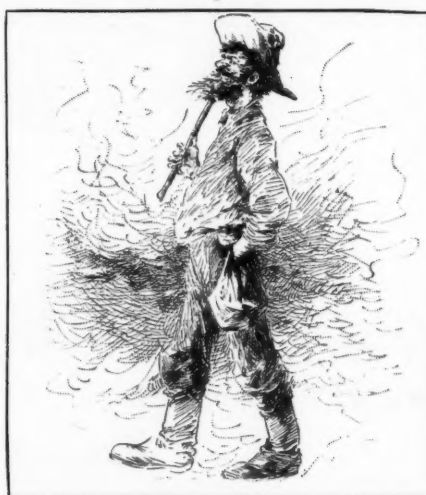
THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since.

We have now issued

**"WALK,  
— YOU,  
WALK!"**

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### A DRAIN ON THE COMPANY.

On his way home from the theatre, where he had seen a performance of *Othello*, Bobby was unusually quiet.

"Didn't you enjoy the play?" his grandfather asked, at last.

"O yes, very much," replied Bobby. "But, grandpa, there's one thing I don't quite understand. Does the black man kill a lady every night?" — *Youth's Companion*.

### THEIR FIRST TASTE.

SHE.—Poor Cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals!

HE.—Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste of religion! — *London Opinion*.

ELLA. — That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying he had never kissed a girl before.

STELLA. — What did you tell him?

ELLA. — That I was no agricultural experiment station. — *N. Y. Press*.

### COULDN'T WAIT.

TOM.—Did her last husband die?  
JACK.—No; he resigned.—*Boston Transcript*.



II.

"Venus, born of foam—"

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

### A CHASER.

"But, John, how did you get rid of all the creditors?"

"I lit one of your cigars." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

### AWKWARD.

"While coming down in the train this morning I noticed two deaf-and-dumb men sitting opposite me. One of them had an impediment in his speech."

"How could a deaf-and-dumb man have an impediment in his speech?"

"Two of his fingers were cut off." — *Exchange*.

### AN ABSENT TURTLE.

A well known judge entered a well-known restaurant.

"Will you try our turtle-soup?" asked the waiter.

"I have tried it," said the judge, "and my verdict is that the turtle has proved an alibi." — *Sporting Times*.

### GLOWING

WIFE (complainingly).—You never praise me up to any one.

HUB. — I don't, eh! You should hear me describe you at the intelligence-office when I'm trying to hire a new cook. — *Boston Transcript*.

### UNFORTUNATE.

TYRE DOUT.—I am unfortunate, mum. I had to quit my profession on account of my health.

LADY.—But you look rugged. What was your profession?

TYRE DOUT.—Dat's just it, lady. I was too rugged. I was a ventriloquist, an' a good one, lady, an' my voice got so strong I could n't throw it. — *Harper's Monthly*.

### EVERLASTINGLY.

PERCY.—Lend me a five, old chap, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you.

REGGIE.—That's just what I'm afraid of, old fellow.—*Pathfinder*.

### THE AWKWARD MODEL



I.

THE PAINTER.—Your pose is still too conscious, too angular. More grace, dear lady. For example: Here is Daphne, the chaste, fleeing from Apollo—

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"He's a genius!"

"What's he ever done?"

"He has contrived a plan by which he has been able to harness his gas-meter and make it run his sewing-machine and work the churn." — *Houston Post*.

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DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N.Y.





*"For the days of  
Auld Lang Syne"*

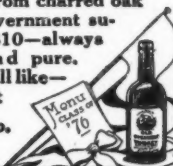
fill the glasses with

**Old Overholt Rye**

*"Same for 100 years"*

Bottled in bond from charred oak barrels under government supervision since 1810—always uniform, rich and pure. It's a whiskey you'll like—insist on getting it

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"O, MOTHER, why are the men in the front baldheaded?"

"They bought their tickets from scalpers, my child."—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### THE BUSY MAN.

Mr. James Jimsoe bounced out of bed at 6:30 A.M. He raised Cain because the rest of the family were not up.

He scolded the children for not dressing rapidly. He asserted in loud and peevish tones that he had to have his breakfast on the dot, that he had important business at his office, and wanted to know how in the name of Samuel Hill he was going to get to his office on time if the family did not get up and dress and eat breakfast?

He rushed through his breakfast, reading the paper with one eye and looking for the butter with the other.

He raced to the train, and caught the last platform as it was pulling out.

All the way to town he fumed about the way things and people tried to combine to hinder him.

On the way from the station to his office he stopped at a cigar-store and shook fifteen games of dice for cigars, succeeding in winning a dollar's worth for \$3.75, and putting in three-quarters of an hour at it.

This is the age of hustle.—*Chicago Post.*

#### A LUCID ACCOUNT.

A man from the interior of Missouri journeyed to St. Louis and saw a ball game between the Browns and another club that went to an eleven-inning tie, with the score nothing to nothing.

When he got home he was much excited over what he had seen, and he talked to a friend about it.

"Was it a good game?" he was asked.

"I reckon it was about the best game ever played. Why, sir, them two passels of boys jist played and played until dark, and nary one made ary one."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

The sign in front of a Harlem restaurant attracted the eye of a farmer, and he went in. He had a raw, a fry, a stew, a pan-roast, a broil, and a steam on toast. When he got through he laid a quarter on the cashier's desk, only to be told that he was shy a dollar and a quarter.

"No, by jing," said the farmer. "A quarter's right. Does n't your sign say, 'Oysters in every style for 25 cents'?"—*Exchange.*

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of  
Old Dominion Steamship Co.

VIRGINIA: FORTRESS MONROE.  
LIVE OAKS AND PARADE GROUNDS.

#### NO INSTRUCTIONS NECESSARY.

Among the passengers booked for a recent coastwise trip of a steamer running from New York to a Southern port were a timid-looking little man and his equally timid-looking little wife.

One of the first of the many questions put to the captain of the vessel by the little woman was this:

"Could you, sir, tell my husband what to do in case of an attack of seasickness? He is particularly liable to such attacks. What must he do?"

"It isn't necessary to tell him what to do, ma'am," said the old captain grimly. "He'll do it."—*Lippincott's.*

#### IN THE SWIM.

"I HEAR they are wearing nothing but old clothes at Plunkville-Under-the-Peak. That's the place for you to go, wife."

"Yes, I can take seven trunks of old clothes. If old clothes are the racket, I can make a splurge."—*Courier-Journal.*



IV.

"Terpsichore, muse of the dance. Now do you understand, my dear lady?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.  
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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BEST  
OVER THE BARS**



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BALTIMORE  
RYE**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

**A DOCTOR MAN.**  
It's very often that my pa  
Stays out all the night long;  
They say it ought to worry ma,  
'Cause it's jus' awful wrong.  
But he don't care what all them folks  
Says 'bout it, an' he can  
Jus' sit an' laugh at all their jokes,  
'Cause he's a doctor man.

He talks to other wimmen all  
Th' time an' ma don't care;  
An' every day he makes a call  
To see some lady fair.  
Th' neighbors says he takes 'em rides,  
Nen he laughs at it an'  
Jus' keeps it up an' splits his sides,  
'Cause he's a doctor man.

He holds their hands an' smiles so nice,  
An' asks 'em how they feel,  
Nen wimmen sneak 'round, sly as mice,  
An' give ma a long spiel  
'Bout how bad pa is, an' nen she  
Jus' laughs an' giggles an'  
Tells him when he comes home, you see,  
'Cause he's a doctor man.

—Medical Herald.

**BLOOD,  
BONE,  
MUSCLE,  
SINEW,**  
are the result of drinking

**Evans'**  
**Ale**  
**It Makes Men  
Strong  
and Healthy**

Its vitalizing force rejuvenates the en-  
tire body and feeds nerves and tissue.  
You'll know BREWERY BOTTLING  
by Trademark on cap.  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



PAT, thinking to enliven the party,  
stated, with watch in hand: "I'll  
present a box of candy to the loidy  
that makes the homeliest face within  
the next three minutes."

The time expiring, Pat announced:  
"Ah, Mrs. McGuire, you get the prize."  
"But," protested Mrs. McGuire,  
"go 'way wid ye! I wasn't playin' at  
all."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.


THE cheerful patient needed all his  
good spirits, for the severe operation  
had been a failure and the doctors  
were hesitating to tell him. The  
physician stood by his bedside in the  
hospital, and from his grave expres-  
sion the patient suspected the truth.

"Well, doc," he said, with a sad  
smile, "it must have been like this."

He fumbled under his pillow and  
produced an envelope which had been  
erroneously delivered in another ward.  
On the envelope was scribbled in pen-  
cil: "Opened by mistake."—*The Sun*.

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**BEFORE THE GAME.**  
*By Stuart Travis.*  
Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 19 1/2 in.  
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L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

—Le Rire.

**PROMISING LAD.**

Miss Ellis, descending the steps of Bennett & Buck's hardware store, met  
Mrs. Lane going up. "What they got?" Mrs. Lane demanded, in a tone that  
said, "Nothing much, I guess!"

"I did n't look around," replied Miss Ellis. "I knew what I wanted,"  
holding out an ungainly bundle, "and I got it—a hand-bellows for my fireplace.  
I went in, and Mary Baker's third—no fourth—boy came right up to  
me, and asked what he could show me. I told him hand-bellowses. He  
brought some up, and said they were a dollar.

"Is that the best you can do?" I asked him.

"'The very best,' he says, 'but I'll tell ye what I'll do, Miss Ellis,' he  
says. 'You don't look a very strengthly lady, and I'll fill it with wind for ye.'

"If you want concessions," concluded Miss Ellis, "I recommend ye to  
that boy."—*Youth's Companion*.

**THE ONLY WAY.**

A young man, unhappily married and practically penniless, took his tale of  
woe to a prominent divorce attorney in Chicago, and concluded with this:

"I'm too poor to pay much for a divorce, but my wife makes my life  
miserable. After I get home, at six o'clock in the evening, I get no peace until  
I go to sleep. What would you advise?"

"After considering all the facts in your case," said the lawyer, "I would  
suggest that you get a job which requires you to work all night."—*Popular  
Magazine*.

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THE FIRST AFFINITY.

*By Carl Hassman.*  
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wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



PASSED ALONG.



TOUCH of the sun was the reason I went  
To see Dr. Huss, and he cured me in style.  
But left me—no doubt without evil intent—  
With quinsy, which sent me to see Dr. File.  
The latter succeeded in curing me, too,  
But when he had finished I found I'd a case  
Of "shingles," for which I consulted anew  
A world-renowned specialist named Dr. Chase.  
This cost me considerable; still, at the close  
I found myself freed from that horrid disease,  
But shortly developed a pain in the toes  
That proved to be gout, which spread up to the knees.  
Of course there was nothing to do, it is plain,  
But see Dr. Hart, who has had such success  
With gout; and he shortly relieved me of pain,  
But left me anæmic—that's worse, I confess.  
Still, Dr. Sandvogel showed marvelous skill  
In bringing me round, and dismissed me as "cured"  
In very short time. But again I fell ill,  
And Dr. Van Tine, whom I called in, assured  
My family, and quoted his most recent treatise,  
That what I'd contracted was called diabetes;  
But still he could cure me, he said, and 't was so,  
But charged me as high as the courts will allow—  
He cured me all right, but, alas! you must know  
I've only just learned that I've Bright's disease now.  
No doubt I'll continue as I have begun,  
But, O! that I'd never been touched by the sun—  
Or the doctors!

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE HOME NEST.

MR. SHREWDLY TO HIS WIFE.—Say, Miranda, I have been looking up that young Henderson, and if our Ethel can land him she'd better do it. I been looking him up, and Bradstreet has his father down for a round million, and he has a bachelor uncle who is down for two millions more, and his mother is one of old Bill Smitherson's girls, and old Bill is rated at four millions. Young Henderson has n't sense enough to come in when it rains, and Ethel can land him if she tries. She's twenty-six and it will soon be a case of the last car with her, so you better tell her to fix it up with Henderson as soon as she can. He's



SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

JOCKEY.—You want me to pull the horse—is that right?  
OWNER.—No, no! I want you to conduct him around the track with a reasonable restraint of pace!



WHEN MOSES SMOTE THE ROCK.

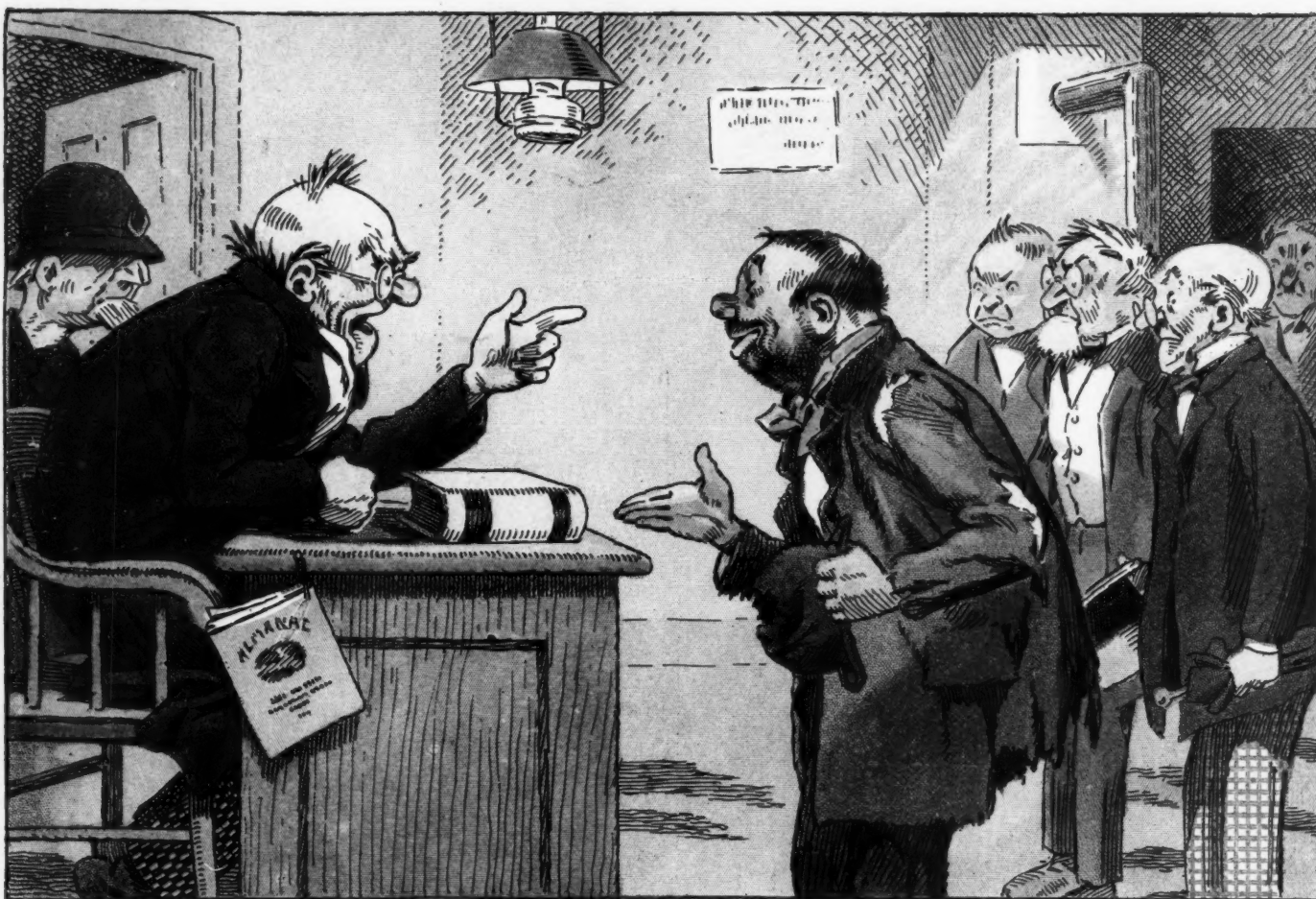
ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFER (utterly forgetting himself).—Fore!!

such easy fruit that some other girl will run him in if Ethel doesn't look out. Better have him to dinner to-morrow night and we'll clear out to the opera and leave them alone.

MR. SHREWDLY TO HENDERSON TWO DAYS LATER.—So you want to take the only birdling left in our home nest, do you, boy? Well, I don't know about that. My wife and I have been hoping that the last of our four girls would stay on with us, and this comes as a great surprise to both Ethel's mother and me. I'm afraid I'll have to talk it over with her mother first. You can't understand what it means to a father and mother to have the last one of their children leave the home nest. Excuse my emotion. I suppose that I am a foolish and selfish old father, but the tears will come when I think of our little Ethel going from us, even with the man she loves and who loves her. It isn't that I have anything at all against you, for I have always regarded you as a man of character and one sure to make his mark in the world. Heigho! What sacrifices we parents are called upon to endure! Well, my boy, I will talk it over with Ethel's mother, and you come to dine with us to-morrow evening and I guess we can fix it up all right even if it does give our heart-strings a fearful tug. God bless you, my boy! I am grateful that if our little girlie must go away from us that she goes with one whom her mother and I have learned to love and esteem as we do you. I hope you don't think these tears unmanly. See you to-morrow evening, dear boy. M. M.

Each friend, like a section of a picture-puzzle, has a place which only he can fill.

# A DIPLOMATIC APPEAL.



I.

VILLAGE JUSTICE.—I'll give you just an hour to get out of town.  
PRISONER.—Judge, you know it would be almost impossible to get outside even the center of your city in that short time.



II.

VILLAGE JUSTICE.—True. Gentlemen, don't you think some of us citizens could raise a purse for this deserving young man?